





THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

HEART-SONG

A Volume of Verse

BY

ROBERT MARSHALL OFFORD



NEW YORK

NEW YORK OBSERVER

38 PARK ROW

Copyright, 1895,
BY ROBERT MARSHALL OFFORD.

University Press:
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A.

85
5529
E-225h

TO

The Friends

*Who bear testimony that they have derived help
from these hymns of trust and hope as they
have appeared in the columns of
the New York Observer,*

This little volume is dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE POET'S DESIRE	7
TRUST	8
THE HEAVENLY GUEST	9
SETTING HOPES	11
"GIVE THANKS TO GOD"	12
THE FAITH I WANT	13
THE PENITENT'S PLEA	15
MY WONDER	17
LOVE'S OFFERING	18
JESUS WEPT	19
PRECIOUS MEMORIES	21
"COME, LET US ALL, REJOICING"	22
CHRIST CRUCIFIED	23
YOUR HEAVENLY FATHER KNOWETH	25
COVERED OVER	26
THE WEEPING SAVIOUR	27
WHICH SHALL IT BE?	29

	PAGE
FOLLOWING JESUS	30
THE ANGELS' STORY	32
GOD LIVES AND LOVES	33
"ALL THAT THOU SENDEST ME" . . .	34
LOVE'S MYSTERY	36
SOARING UPWARDS	38
THE SEA'S OWNER	39
BLESSED JESUS	40
THE HOUSE OF BREAD	41
SAVE ME FROM MYSELF!	42
THE CHURCH'S CRY	43
THE NEW SONG	45
THE BREAD AND WINE	47
NO MORE SEA	49
LOVE, DYING AND UNDYING	51
A SONG AT MIDNIGHT	52
NIGHT-FALL	54
A YEAR UNTRIED	56
CALLING	58
LET US BE QUIET	60
TIME IS FLYING	61
THE CHILD OF BETHLEHEM	62
OUR FLEETING YEARS	64
SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME	65
THE RISEN LORD	67

CONTENTS.

vii

PAGE

THEN SHALL I KNOW	69
ANOTHER YEAR	70
WHAT MAKES HEAVEN	72
SLEEPING	74
THE SOUL'S LAMENT	75
THE WONDROUS CALL	77
THANKSGIVING	79
STILL SINGING	80
OPEN THE GATES	81
JUNE	83
JOYFUL NEWS TO SOULS FORLORN	84
MY SAVIOUR'S WORTH	85
HIS FATHER SAW HIM	87
CARED FOR	88
WHY?	90
FAREWELL TO CARE	93
EASTER GLEAMS	95
PHILLIPS BROOKS	97
FORWARD GO	99
A SONG AND A SOUL	100
BE MERCIFUL TO ME	103
UPHOLDING THE FALLEN	104
WELL MET	107
DEATH'S SUBMISSION	109
EASTER JOY	112

	PAGE
SEEKING AFTER GOD	113
ONE ONLY WAY	114
THE CALL ANSWERED	115
O, BLESS THE LORD!	116
TRUST IN SHADOW TIME	117
FOR YOU	119
CHRIST NEGLECTED	120
FALLING LEAVES	122
THE LIFE I SEEK	124
LOVE'S WAY	125
THE CRY OF THE HUNGRY	126
BLESSED TEARS	127
LET US GIVE THANKS	128
THE SEA IS HIS	130
BE STILL	132
IN THE REALMS OF LIGHT	133

INTRODUCTION.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

THIS little volume comes from the heart of a faithful servant of Jesus Christ, and is written for the hearts of those who "know Jesus, and are known of Him." Whoever opens these pages expecting to discover startling novelties of thought, or brilliancy of diction, will not find them here ; but those who are hungry for spiritual food will find wholesome, nourishing bread, with not a little of the honey such as Jonathan tasted on the end of his rod when he was passing through the forest. Like him, they will find their "eyes enlightened," and their spirits cheered. Mr. Offord writes in the same vein with

the brothers Bonar and Frances Ridley Havergal, and aims to reach the same class of thoughtful and devout souls. If the reader will turn to the verses entitled "The Faith I Want," or "Which Shall it Be?" or "Open the Gates!" he will get a taste of the quality of the book. The temper of every page is cheerful, hopeful, helpful, and often exhilarating. Jesus Christ is exalted. The author knows no other gospel but the crucified Son of God. Every footprint leads to the Cross, with its ceaseless music of redeeming love. For such poetry — steeped in the gospel of grace, born of a deep spiritual experience, and inspired by prayer — there is always room in Christian hearts; and such will give a welcome to these verses.

BROOKLYN, *August*, 1895.

Grateful acknowledgment is hereby made of the courtesy of Messrs. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. in permitting the publication in these pages of a number of stanzas from Longfellow's poem, "The Day is Done."



Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart
As showers from the clouds of summer
Or tears from the eyelids start.

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



HEART-SONG.

THE POET'S DESIRE.

I WOULD dip my pen in the sapphire blue
Of the arch that is o'er us spread,
I would write the love of my God so true
And His gift of our daily bread.

I would dip my pen in the sun's bright flame,
As it chases the shades of night,
And the Christ of God to the world proclaim
As the only enduring light.

I would dip my pen in the Saviour's tears,
I would picture His tender heart,
Till the child of woe should forget his fears,
And be healed of his sorrow's smart.

I would dip my pen in the crimson flood
As it falls from the tree of shame,
Till the world should learn of the cleansing
blood,
And the glorious saving name.

TRUST.

I DO not ask Thee, Lord, to be explaining
The many mysteries of my life to me ;
I only ask Thee, Lord, for grace sustaining
To bear the burden which seems fit to Thee.

I am content to trust Thy loving leading ;
It were not trust, if I could trace the way.
No good thing shall this life of mine be
needing ;
Thou wilt provide the manna day by day.

THE HEAVENLY GUEST.

SEE, O soul, there standeth at thy lowly door
One whom all the angels worship and adore.
Condescension wondrous, love and grace
divine,
Lo, He seeks to enter that poor heart of
thine !

“ And if any open,” this is what He saith,
He whose love is stronger, stronger e’en than
death,
“ I will gladly enter, I will be his guest.”
Hasten, soul, to open, spread for Him thy
best.

“ Ah ! Thou Lord of glory, naught have I
for fare ;
Lo, the house is empty, and my table bare :
Long my soul hath eaten only husks of sin.”
Still He standeth, calling : “ Fain would I
come in ;

“Let not this thy straitness thee at all
distress;

I who fed the thousands in the wilderness,
I who turned the water into purple wine,
I will spread to fulness that scant board of
thine.

“He shall never hunger, ne’er by want be
prest,

He hath treasure endless, who hath Me for
guest;

He whose heart I enter, heir of God shall be.
Soul, what is thine answer, what say’st thou
to Me?”

Lord, I bid Thee welcome, while the flowing
tears

Tell my grief and sorrow for the sin-spent
years;

Lord, Thou hast been waiting long outside
the door,

Enter now to leave me, never, never more.

SETTING HOPES.

THE brief day is ending ;
And the sun, in descending,
Fires the heavens with a ruddy glow ;
Ah, not of the morn
Was such beauty born
As the setting sun this eve doth show.

What room for regretting
Though the sun be setting
When the day 'mid such splendor dies ?
The great orb of gold
Is gone to unfold
Its light in other and distant skies.

The hope that now leaves me
Whose departing so grieves me
Hath wonderful store of surprise ;
I miss it with sorrow,
But in a bright morrow
I know I shall see it arise.

So my heart I am stilling
With the thought, 'T is His willing
Who ordereth all for the best.
I had joy in its shining,
Then why this repining
Because it now sinks in the west ?

"GIVE THANKS TO GOD."

GIVE thanks to God who reigns on high,
Yet makes our wants His care ;
He heeds the hungry raven's cry,
He hears His people's prayer.

How rich the promises divine
Which faith may boldly plead ;
With light and comfort how they shine,
How well they meet each need !

THE FAITH I WANT.

GRANT me a faith, I pray thee, Father, —
 It must be gift divine, —
That will not weaken, but the rather
Grow stronger, as it bears each destined
 cross,
Grow richer as it meets with seeming loss.
 Oh, may such faith be mine !

I want a faith that will not falter
 When deepest shadows fall ;
That changing seasons cannot alter,
That 'mid the wildest tempest dwells in
 peace,
With calmness waits the raging storm's
 surcease,
And sings its way through all.

I want a faith that, ever resting
 On God alone for strength,
May, shock of battle boldly breasting.

Fear not the force of e'en unnumbered foes,
But fight till their retreating ranks disclose
The victory won at length.

I want a faith which, when kept waiting
For gift it seeks in prayer,
May, by its own anticipating,
Though human reason deems the hope in vain,
Possess the joy it covets, nor complain,
Though God may long forbear.

I want a faith whose steady lustre
Shall shed its cheering rays
Where sorrows do most thickly cluster ;
Whose shining radiance will the brighter
grow
As earthly tapers lose their feeble glow,
And life seems lost in maze.

I want a faith that will not shiver
When death says, Come to God ;
But dauntless meet the parting river,
Defiance bid to Jordan's rolling tide,
With one bold stroke its current turn aside,
And then go home dry-shod.

THE PENITENT'S PLEA.

JESUS, see me, lost and dying,
Unto Thee for shelter flying ;
Hear, O hear my heart's sore crying :
 Heed me, Jesus, or I die !

All my sin and sorrow feeling,
Come I, as the leper, kneeling :
Come to Thee for help and healing ;
 Heal me, Jesus, or I die !

Naught have I to plead of merit,
Naught but curse do I inherit ;
By Thy gracious, quick'ning Spirit
 Save me, Jesus, or I die !

Not my tears of deep contrition
Can secure one sin's remission ;
Helpless, hopeless my condition :
 Help me, Jesus, or I die !

Far away my dead works flinging,
Nothing owning, nothing bringing,
Only to Thy mercy clinging :

Bless me, Jesus, or I die !

Nothing but Thy mercy pleading,
Pardon, cleansing, shelter needing,
In Thy side, once pierced and bleeding,
Hide me, Jesus, or I die !

Sin-cursed ! with Thy grace, Lord, bless me ;
Naked ! in Thy beauty dress me,
Prodigal ! in love caress me :

Take me, Jesus, or I die !

By Thy cross, where hope is beaming,
By its crimson fountain streaming,
Flowing for the world's redeeming,
Cleanse me, Jesus, or I die !

Save me, and I 'll praise Thee ever
For the love which changes never,
From which not e'en death can sever,
In a land where none can die !

MY WONDER.

THE more, dear Lord, I ponder
 This wayward heart of mine,
The more, dear Lord, I wonder
 That Thou hast made me Thine.

So often from Thee straying,
 So cold my love to Thee,
So often disobeying,
 And still Thou lovest me !

O Thou, the high, the holy,
 And canst Thou condescend,
O Thou, the meek and lowly,
 To call e'en me Thy friend ?

Am I a child of glory ?
 Am I an heir of bliss ?
How strange, O grace, thy story
 Of marvels, marvel this !

O love, all love excelling,
Beyond our utmost thought;
O grace beyond all telling,
Unmerited, unbought;

Since all for my soul's saving,
Thy love and grace are mine,
May these, like bonds enslaving,
My heart make wholly Thine.

LOVE'S OFFERING.

FOR love of me, dear Jesus,
Thy spotless life was given;
For love of me, upon the tree
With spear Thy side was riven.

For love of Thee, dear Jesus,
Oh, may my life be given!
For love of Thee my heart, oh, see,
Sin's memory hath riven!

JESUS WEPT.

SISTERS of Bethany, had ye not known this
grief,

Had there not come to you this hour of
sorrow's smart,

Ye had not known the grace that brought
such sweet relief,

Nor guessed the depth of pity in the
Master's heart.

Yet not for you alone, for all the hearts that
bleed,

His loving words He spake, His tears of
pity shed,

That we who mourn our dying ones, and
solace need,

Might have Him with us weeping, and be
comforted.

We bless Thee for those falling tears, O Son
of God,
That speak Thy sympathy in every human
woe ;
Since by our feet these ways of anguish must
be trod,
We firmer step as we behold love's foun-
tain flow.

How dark the graves that in their fast re-
lentless fold
Our well-beloved ones from our sight so
long have kept,
But for the cheer that comes with those
sweet words of old !
Our tears are stayed, since it is written :
"Jesus wept."

PRECIOUS MEMORIES.

DEATH cannot take the memories
Of those we love and cherish ;
Their frames, which in the dust we lay,
To dust may crumble and decay,
Yet they themselves do with us stay ;
They do not, can not perish.

How potent are their memories !
They make blest bond of union :
For oft before our gladsome eyes
The sweet familiar forms arise,
And dearly do we love and prize
Those moments of communion.

Immortal are the memories
Of those whom death has taken ;
We see them, hear them, have them still,
Command their presence at our will ;
The chambers of our hearts they fill,
They have not us forsaken.

“COME, LET US ALL, REJOICING.”

COME, let us all, rejoicing,
 Surround our Father's throne,
Our heartfelt praises voicing,
 His grace and mercy own.
Oh, not in vain we seek Him,
 And not for naught we cry;
For ev'ry want we bring Him
 He gives a rich supply!

Still, on His word believing,
 Will we new favors seek;
And favors new receiving,
 Our constant praises speak.
For mercies never ending
 Let glad thanksgivings rise,
And prayers and praises blending
 Together reach the skies.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

O CHRIST, by cruel hands once crucified !
Nor less of God's eternal purpose slain,
Let not the bitter death which Thou hast died
Be to my soul in vain.

Let me not look for mercy from on high,
Save as it flows a cleansing, healing stream
Through Thy rent side, where I behold Thee
die,
The wide world to redeem.

Bid me all other ground of hope despise,
All the best work of human hands disdain ;
To trust Thine all-atoning sacrifice,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain.

Lord, let my faith be fixed alone on Thee ;
Since naught hath dye so deep as sin's sad
stain,
Save Thine own crimson shed upon the tree
My worthless life to gain.

My Lord, I do believe; though great my guilt,
Thy grace is greater; and my sin-stained soul
A fountain finds in Thy life's blood once spilt,
That makes me pure and whole.

No other hope have I, no trust but this;
With emptied hands to Thy dear cross I cling;
The one sole secret of salvation's bliss,
Thy dying love, I sing.

This, only this, shall be my theme below;
And when I share the joys of saints above,
No other theme my happy heart shall know
But this same saving love.

YOUR HEAVENLY FATHER
KNOWETH.

ALL our burdens, all our woes,
All our load of care,
God our loving Father knows
Ere we lift our prayer.

Still He bids us on Him wait,
Bids us seek His face;
Not in vain we supplicate
At His throne of grace.

Not in vain we tell each grief
And our sorrows all;
For He waits to give relief
Unto them who call.

In each sorrow we should see
Summons unto prayer;
Every want should channel be
Through which grace to share.

Boldly we should ever plead
With our God on high ;
Claim His promise for each need,
Sure of His reply.

COVERED OVER.

FAST fell the snow one winter's day,
Till hill and dale were covered o'er,
And 'neath its glistening mantle lay
All the defects we saw before.

So doth God's mercy softly fall
Upon my life's unsightliness ;
So covers He my failures all,
So clothes my soul with beauteous dress.

THE WEEPING SAVIOUR.

JESUS weeping ! Sinner, see ;
 Watch His tear-drops as they fall ;
Lo, He sheds these tears for thee,
 Slighting still His loving call !

RESPONSE.

Jesus weeping ! Can it be
 That He sheds these tears for me ?
Lord, I yield, I yield to Thee.

Jesus bleeding ! Sinner, see ;
 On the cross behold He dies ;
Sinner, it is all for thee,
 This is love's own sacrifice.

RESPONSE.

Jesus bleeding ! Can it be
 That He sheds His blood for me ?
Lord, I yield, I yield to Thee.

Jesus pleading ! Sinner, see ;
Pleading at His Father's throne ;
There He intercedes for thee,
Makes thy worthless cause His own.

RESPONSE.

Jesus pleading ! Can it be
That He intercedes for me ?
Lord, I yield, I yield to Thee.

Weeping, bleeding, pleading, see !
Shall He call thee, yet in vain ?
Let thine heart now softened be,
Do not thou such love disdain.

RESPONSE.

Jesus, Jesus, can it be
That so much Thou lovest me ?
Lord, I yield, I yield to Thee.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

A GLAD New Year or a sad New Year,
Oh, which shall the New Year be?
I cannot tell what it hath in store,
I would that I might foresee ;
But God knows well and I need no more :
Is that not enough for me ?

A glad New Year or a sad New Year ;
What matter if dark or light !
The cloudy pillar will guide by day,
The pillar of fire by night :
With these to lead me upon my way,
How can I but walk aright ?

A glad New Year or a sad New Year,
'T will be as the Lord thinks best.
The times and seasons are all His own,
Obeying His high behest ;
He ruleth all from His loving throne,
And so is my heart at rest.

FOLLOWING JESUS.

MAN of Sorrows, mighty God,
Thou the path of life hast trod,
And each step we take, we meet
Imprints of Thy sacred feet.

Sad indeed Thy lot in life;
Cruel foes and ceaseless strife,
Pain and persecution Thine,
Man of Sorrows, Lord divine.

When did soul such burden bear
As once wrung from Thee the prayer,
“Father, if it so may be,
Let this cup now pass from Me”?

Yet we hear Thee in Thy grief,
Borne to yield our souls relief,
Saying, O thou burdened One,
“Not My will, but Thine be done”!

Thine for us the cursed cross,
For our gain such direful loss,
From what burden shall we shrink?
Or what cup refuse to drink?

Welcome aught our Father sends,
Since with all such grace He lends!
Welcome e'en the chast'ning rod
In the loving hands of God.

THE ANGELS' STORY.

ANGELIC voices fill the air
With golden notes of music rare,
And gracious news proclaim :
There lieth lowly in a manger
A Guest divine, a wondrous Stranger,
And Jesus is His name.

What means this gladsome tale of old,
The news by angel voices told ?

What means this lowly birth ?
It tells of might and mercy blending,
It tells of grace and love unending,
To all the sons of earth ;

It bids the tear of grief be stayed,
It cheers the heart once sore dismayed,
And blessed hope enthrones.
Sin's gloomy cloud at length is rifted,
The wide world's weight of woe is lifted,
And death its Victor owns.

Behold, He comes in manner mild,
For unto us is born a Child ;
 Yet Son of God is He,
For unto us a Son is given,
Who comes with all the might of heaven,
 The Saviour, Christ, to be.

GOD LIVES AND LOVES.

Two truths our hearts rejoice to know,
 For each sweet comfort gives :
The one, the universe doth show,
 'T is simply told — God lives.

The other in its depths profound
 The cross of Jesus proves ;
And with the cross, the world around
 Repeats the truth — God loves.

“ALL THAT THOU SENDEST ME.”

“ All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given.”

“ ALL that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given ! ”
On Thy love resting, Lord,
Cheered by Thy gracious word,
Such my glad song shall be,
Pressing toward heaven.

When from the foe I flee,
With whom I ’ve striven,
E’en when most sorely prest,
Still shall my heart find rest.
“ All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given.”

When on life's storm-tossed sea
My bark is driven,
Still shall my faith not fail.
Thou rulest wave and gale.
"All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given."

Sorrow may come from Thee
To the heart riven;
Garbed in the gloom of night,
'T is but Thine angel bright;
"All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given."

"All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given,"
Helps to the home above,
Pledges of endless love,
Seed for eternity,
Harvest in heaven!

LOVE'S MYSTERY.

WHAT means it, loving Father,
That Thou dost care for me?
For me oft disobeying ;
So often from Thee straying ;
Oh, this is mystery !

What means it, holy Saviour,
That Thou hast died for me ?
So great the debt I owe Thee,
So poor the love I show Thee ;
What may the meaning be ?

What means it, tender Spirit,
That Thou dost dwell with me ?
With me of state so lowly,
With me so far from holy ;
In this I marvel see.

Grant me, O loving Father,
Thy love my guerdon be ;
To keep me from all straying ;
That I, Thy law obeying,
May henceforth live to Thee.

Grant me, O holy Saviour,
More faithfulness to Thee,
That by my love's bright glowing,
I may e'er more be showing
Thy life enthroned in me.

Grant me, O tender Spirit,
That through Thy grace in me
I may become more lowly,
More pure, more true, more holy —
Sweet marvel shall this be.

SOARING UPWARDS.

BURST, oh, burst thy prison bars !
Soar aloft, O soul of mine ;
Seek thy home beyond the stars,
In the realms that are divine !

Born of an immortal birth,
Made a child and heir of God,
What hast thou to do with earth ?
Shall the sunbeam court the clod ?

Streets of gold thy feet shall tread,
Stand upon the crystal sea ;
With the ransomed raise thy head,
Where the many mansions be.

Not for thee the paths of sin,
Fleeting honors, joys of sense ;
Better honors thine to win,
Richer far the recompense.

Never failing portion thine,
God Himself thy boundless store ;
Destined thou at last to shine
In His presence evermore.

THE SEA'S OWNER.

THE sea is His ; ah, well 't is so !
For when it worketh human woe,
It doeth naught but He doth know.

Or works it good, or works it ill,
This thought our restless hearts shall still,
It worketh aye as He may will.

BLESSED JESUS.

OH for a song, a glad new song,
A song of joy and praise ;
To sing the name, all names above,
The name that tells of saving love,
The blessed name of Jesus !

Oh for a crown, a radiant crown,
A crown that ne'er can fade ;
To crown the brow of Him who died,
The tempted One, the crucified,
The thorn-crowned brow of Jesus !

Oh for a heart, a clean, pure heart,
A heart by grace renewed ;
A fitting sacrifice to bring
To Thee, O Master, Saviour, King,
Thou blessed, loving Jesus.

THE HOUSE OF BREAD.

“Jesus was born in Bethlehem” (House of Bread).

Matthew ii. 1.

THE House of Bread, suggestive name!
Since He who is the living Bread,
Who died to raise men from the dead
And save from sin,
Was born therein.
The House of Bread, oh, blessed fame!

Ye famished souls, why hunger more?
For you the royal feast is spread;
To you Christ comes the living Bread;
For love's sweet sake,
Bids you partake
From Bethlehem's exhaustless store.

SAVE ME FROM MYSELF !

LORD, save me from my sin,
Not from its doom alone,
But let its giant power in me,
By grace, be overthrown.

Lord, save me from myself —
This evil heart within ;
Lord, save me from myself, for then
I shall be saved from sin.

It is the foe within
That makes the fortress weak ;
Myself, my greatest enemy,
For self-control I seek.

God of salvation, grant
This liberty to me ;
Then shall my purer service yield
More glory unto Thee.

THE CHURCH'S CRY.

ALL down the ages, Lord,
Thy Church has looked for Thee,
According to Thine ancient word,
To come in majesty.

“I quickly come, Behold : ”
Such was the promise clear ;
But centuries have since been told,
Nor dost Thou yet appear.

Still do Thy people hope,
Still for Thy coming cry,
Still with the powers of evil cope,
And wish the day-dawn nigh.

What can Thy “ quickly ” mean ?
Our weary hearts would know ;
Why so long absent hast Thou been ?
Why dost Thou linger so ?

Pity each heathen race
Yet wrapped in midnight gloom,
Whose Christless life leads on apace
Down to the Christless tomb.

Pity our "Christian" lands,
Where greed and hate prevail,
And evil with its countless bands
Doth every good assail.

Thou Sun of life, arise,
With healing in Thy wings,
Till earth beneath unclouded skies
Thy worthy praises sings.

THE NEW SONG.

LORD, may I hope to join the strain
Of that ecstatic, new-born song
Which sounds o'er all the heavenly plain,
Sung by the white-robed, ransomed throng !

Since now Thou dost from me withhold
The gift in song Thy love to praise,
Say, when I tread yon streets of gold,
May I no sound of music raise ?

For me was shed the crimson flood
Which stained the cruel tree of yore ;
For me, O Lamb of God, Thy blood
Thou didst in full atonement pour.

Then may not I in song unite
With them who thus Thy mercy own,
Ascribe all majesty and might,
And joy to see Thee on Thy throne ?

Or, must my tongue still silent be
When I behold Thy radiant face?
Shall still no part be found for me
While thousands sing Thy saving grace?

Then, bid me never enter there,
Nor count my soul amid that throng;
For to my heart 't were black despair
To hear, but never sing that song.

THE BREAD AND WINE.

How rich the story which they tell —

The broken bread, the wine outpoured —
Of grace that saves from death and hell;
Of love, the love of Christ the Lord!

Through cruel bonds He sets us free,
Through dreadful gloom to gladness brings;
He dies in shame upon the tree,
Outcast, to make us priests and kings.

Can ever soul redeemed forget
How much He bore for love of us?
Sure, none may hope to pay the debt
To the dear Lord who suffered thus.

'Mid thoughts of joy our tears are shed,
We bless Him for the blood He spilt,
Yet mourn the sin that bowed His head;
His was the shame, but ours the guilt.

By this His own appointed rite
Do we His love commemorate,
Recall that sad betrayal night,
The garden's woe and Calvary's fate.

E'en while is spread before our eyes
The broken bread, the wine outpoured,
The pierced form we recognize,
And joyful cry, "It is the Lord!"

Sweet mystery of love divine,
True meat and drink by which are fed
Our hungry hearts — His blood the wine,
His body broken is the bread.

NO MORE SEA.

As I sat me down by the ocean side,
I looked with delight at the tossing tide,
And the sun was casting its golden sheen
On the sapphire waves ; a glittering scene.
Sweet music I heard in each billow's roar
That rolled itself out on the sparkling shore,
But my heart grew sad as there came to me
The thought of a world that shall have no
 sea.

As I lingered still by the ocean wide,
I thought of the friends on the other side ;
Of many a one so dear to my heart,
Whom naught but the waves could have
 kept apart.

They are far away on a distant shore,
And I sometimes ask, " Shall I see them more
Ere we reach the land where we all shall be
United, for that has no parting sea ? "

And I thought me, too, of the tempest's wail,
The requiem sad of many a sail;
Of the hearts so true, and the souls so brave,
That find in the treacherous sea their grave;
Of the hearts at home that are tempest-tossed
For the dearly loved in the ocean lost.
I am sure such sorrow there ne'er can be
In the world in which there is no more sea.

And what of the gems and what of the gain
Which come to our land from over the main?
Ah, surely they all are too dearly bought
When we think of lives into peril brought,
Of the homes made sad and the hearts made
sore
As they watch for those who will come no
more.
Oh, happy indeed must that glad world be
That knows not the woes of the restless sea!

LOVE, DYING AND UNDYING.

JESUS, Thy dying love, Thy love undying,
Hath brought me sad and sin-worn to Thy
feet ;

And on Thy gracious word, dear Lord, relying,
I know Thou wilt the weary wand'rer greet.

Thy dying love ! for I have seen Thee bleeding,
In pain and anguish, on the cursed tree ;
Because my guilty soul such cure was needing
As only Thy shed blood could bring to me.

Thy love undying ! Such a love dies never.
Oh, joy that this rich heritage is mine !
Lord, take my heart and make it Thine for-
ever, —

A poor return at best for love like Thine.

Jesus, Thy dying love, Thy love undying,
Shall be my theme, my glory here below,
Till death shall loose life's bonds, and, up-
ward flying,
That love my soul shall in its fulness know.

A SONG AT MIDNIGHT.

THERE can come no sorrow
 To this heart of mine,
But will bring me pity
 From the heart divine.

There can fall no shadow
 O'er the way I wend,
But My Father's presence
 Will its brightness lend.

I can know no anguish
 But He has a part ;
Ev'ry woe He shareth
 That can touch my heart.

In my grief I trust Him,
 Though I cannot trace ;
Words of peace He speaketh,
 Though He hides His face.

Though my eyes are weeping,
 Though my soul is sore,
Still at heart I praise Him,
 And His grace adore.

Naught can be my portion
 But His love doth know ;
All for good is working,
 Be it weal or woe.

NIGHT-FALL.

SWIFTLY the shadows of the night around us
fall :

Come, let us kneel before our God and pray ;
And while on Him for mercies new we call,
Praise Him whose love has kept us through
the day.

Not more of evil lurks in midnight's hour
Than stalks abroad at golden tide of noon :
In both alike we need His keeping power.
Could He forget, then ill would come how
soon !

But He doth not forget, nor doth He sleep ;
And we are safe in His all-watchful care.
By day, by night He condescends to keep
Those who commit themselves to Him in
prayer.

There is a home where shadows never fall,
Nor sin nor danger ever enter there;
There weariness doth ne'er to slumber call, —
A land of praise, that hath no need of
prayer.

Unto that home, O Father, lead our way,
And while we linger in this alien land,
In mercy hear us while to Thee we pray,
Still guard and guide us by Thy loving
hand.

A YEAR UNTRIED.

A YEAR untried before me lies :
What shall it bring of strange surprise ?
Or joy, or grief, I cannot tell ;
But God, my Father, knoweth well.
I make it no concern of mine,
But leave it all with love divine.

Be sickness mine, or rugged health,
Come penury to me or wealth ;
Though lonesome I must pass along,
Or loving friends my way may throng ;
Upon my Father's word I rest,
Whatever shall be, shall be best.

No ill can come but He can cure,
His word doth all of good insure ;
He 'll see me through the journey's length,
For daily need give daily strength.
'T is thus I fortify my heart,
And thus do fear and dread depart.

The sun may shed no light by day,
Nor stars at night illume my way ;
My soul shall still know no affright,
Since God is all my Life and Light.
Though all the earthly lamps grow dim,
He walks in light who walks with Him.

O Year untried, thou hast for me
Naught but my Father's eye can see ;
Nor canst thou bring me loss or gain,
Or health or sickness, ease or pain,
But welcome messenger shall prove
From Him whose name to me is Love.

CALLING.

OH, carry thy burden no longer,
The weight of thy sin and thy grief,
But go unto One who is stronger,
And know He can give thee relief.
More gentle than dew-drops in falling,
His voice to the sad and opprest ;
The weary and sin-sick He 's calling, —
Is calling to peace and to rest.

Why wilt thou still linger and languish,
Why starve on the husks of the field,
When Jesus can heal all thine anguish,
And bread in abundance can yield?
There 's pardon for all thy transgressing,
And grace that can cleanse thee within,
And treasures of love and of blessing,
Instead of the bondage of sin.

Oh, come to the One that is yearning
Thy Saviour and portion to be ;
The heart that awaits thy returning
Once bled for thy sin on the tree.
To know Him is life everlasting,
To lose Him is death evermore !
And wisdom would bid thee be hasting,
While mercy keeps open the door.

LET US BE QUIET.

LET us be quiet ! What is there to gain
By fret and worry in this fleeting life ?
Alas for all the self-inflicted pain !
Alas for all the self-invited strife !

Let us be quiet ! Winds and waters wage
In vain the fiercest conflict ever known ;
They cannot reach a star, howe'er they rage,
Nor touch the base of God's eternal throne.

Let us be quiet when our foes conspire
To do us evil or to thwart our good ;
When friends charge ill to all our right desire,
And best of motives are misunderstood.

Let us be quiet when the ghosts arise, —
Those phantom creatures of night's fevered
brain ;
They fly when morning's sun illumines the skies,
And we behold the world in light again.

Let us be quiet ! Passing years shall prove
Purpose divine upon our welfare bent ;
True wisdom, hand in hand with deepest love,
Works out for us the will omnipotent.

TIME IS FLYING.

TIME is flying,
Thou art dying,
Mortal man !

No moments waste,
But do with haste
The task assigned,
Or thou wilt find
When life's allotted span is run,
Both task and soul alike undone.

THE CHILD OF BETHLEHEM.

GUIDED by the kindly star,
See the wise men on their way ;
From their Eastern homes afar,
Seeking Christ the Lord are they :
Sweet the light that guideth them
To the Child of Bethlehem.

Never quite so wise as now,
They the new-born Babe would find ;
At His infant feet would bow,
Own Him Lord of all mankind :
It hath been revealed to them
There 's a King in Bethlehem.

Sages live in this our day
Who the Son of Mary spurn ;
From the Christ they turn away,
In the Man no God discern :
Reason's light ne'er guideth them
To the Child of Bethlehem.

Not so wise as they of old
Are these sages so profound,
In their own conceits grown bold,
Naught to them is holy ground :
Ah, there is no charm for them
In the news from Bethlehem !

Highest wisdom mortals show
Who the God Incarnate own ;
Blest are they who Jesus know,
Though naught else by them be known :
God's own light 't is guideth them
To the Child of Bethlehem.

Still the star of truth divine
Guides the seeking on their way ;
Heed its light, O soul of mine,
Lest my footsteps go astray :
Sad indeed the fate of them,
Spurning Christ of Bethlehem.

OUR FLEETING YEARS.

WHY should we mourn with useless tears,
Or meet with dark foreboding fears
 These years that we are living?

Though marked the past with much of sin,
Whispers no voice of peace within,
 That tells of God's forgiving?

The days to come, as yet unshown,
Shall bring abundant cause to own
 That love divine is guiding.

God knows us well, we are but dust ;
He asks us only for our trust,
 And sweet is such confiding.

SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME.

LIFE'S varied tasks now all fulfilled,
He hears the Lord's behest.
The busy hand so strong, so skilled,
That ever active hand is stilled ;
He enters into rest.

No idle rest his heritage !
Clothed in immortal might,
The dwellers in that realm engage
In blest employment, age on age,
Unceasing day and night.

Could he in service here below
Bear such a joyous part,
And not a richer service show,
Since now he doth more fully know
The Lord who ruled his heart ?

Ah, when we read the truth aright,
We do not mourn our dead;
Their death is precious in God's sight,
It bears them to His home in light,
Where they are comforted.

The ransomed spirit hath no tomb;
'T is but the body dies.
Begone, dark doubt and midnight gloom,
For hopeless grief faith finds no room,
He lives — beyond the skies.

He enters life, not lays it down,
And, happy triumph won,
He drops the cross, he takes the crown;
And, sweeter far than earth's renown,
Receives the Lord's "Well done."

THE RISEN LORD.

Lo, a risen Lord we sing ;

Alleluia !

Once He died, love's offering,

Alleluia !

See Him death's dark terrors brave,

Dying, dying souls to save,

Us to rescue from the grave !

Alleluia !

Short within the tomb His stay,

Alleluia !

Death no more can hold its prey,

Alleluia !

Lo, He bled to meet our need,

Rose His precious blood to plead,

Still for us doth intercede !

Alleluia !

His the death, but ours the life,

Alleluia !

Ours the victory, His the strife,

Alleluia !

Now by all the griefs He bore,

Now by all the shame He wore,

We are His, forevermore !

Alleluia !

Lo, a risen life we bring,

Alleluia !

This our love's glad offering,

Alleluia !

Souls redeemed and hearts renewed,

Wills to His sweet will subdued,

These shall speak our gratitude,

Alleluia !

THEN SHALL I KNOW.

I WAIT for thy revealings,
O blessed land of light !
For here are strange concealings,
And cloud and gloom and night.

For I shall know hereafter
The things I know not now ;
Where grief is turned to laughter,
And glory crowns the brow.

What now seems darkest mystery
The day-dawn shall unfold ;
'T will read as golden history
By love and mercy told.

So thus, my heart contenting,
My sighs are lost in song,
And I, no more lamenting,
Press cheerily along.

ANOTHER YEAR.

I KNOW not what the year may bring,
Nor know I what the year may take ;
But take or bring whate'er it may,
I know that there can come no day
In which I may not trust and sing,
"The Lord, my soul, will not forsake."

His promise stands forever sure ;
'Mid changing scenes unchanging He.
Whatever else may pass away,
Upon His word my faith I 'll stay ;
His mercy must for aye endure,
And that is joy enough for me.

Should care be mine or loss of health,
Or poverty or loss of friends,
Since the dear Lord of all is mine,
My soul shall never more repine ;
For happiness comes not of wealth,
Nor joy on earthly source depends.

With God's forgiveness for the past,
And with His grace for days in store,
Though short or long those days may be,
The future hath no dread for me ;
He will be with me to the last,
His love be mine forevermore.

Come bane or blessing, good or ill,
All things are under His control ;
The boundless universe His care,
I none the less His mercy share,
And all things serve to work His will
For the best welfare of my soul.

So will I start the year with song,
And bless God's name from day to day ;
Sing when the sky is clear and bright,
Sing 'mid the darkness of the night ;
Through all I will His praise prolong,
And praising, pass from earth away.

WHAT MAKES HEAVEN.

Not the blaze of jasper,
Nor the crystal sea ;
Not the many mansions,
Will make heaven to me.

Not the shining lustre
Of the robes of white ;
Not the countless glories
Of the world of light ;

Not the ceaseless springtime,
Nor unfading day ;
Not the sweetest music
Golden harps may play ;

Not the many meetings
With the friends I love,
They who went before me
To those realms above, —

But to meet my Saviour.
At His feet to fall,
Own Him my Redeemer,
Crown Him Lord of all.

Him to worship ever,
His dear face to see,
Hear His word of welcome, —
These my Heaven shall be.

SLEEPING.

“She is not dead, but sleepeth.” — *Luke* viii. 52.

NOT dead, but only sleeping
Within their narrow bed,
Safe in the Saviour's keeping;
Thus are we comforted.

Why call it death's dark portal,
Why say that they have died
Who pass to life immortal,
And with their Lord abide?

Say rather they have risen,
Have laid their bonds aside,
Have quit their earthly prison;
They live, they have not died.

THE SOUL'S LAMENT.

IT was my sin, Lord Jesus,
That nailed Thee to the tree;
It was my guilt that 'pressed Thee
In sad Gethsemane.

My soul on Thee relying,
In Thy death findeth life,
And peace I have eternal,
Through Thy most bitter strife.

Thy blood secures my pardon,
Thy darkness gives me light;
And I, since God forsook Thee,
Find favor in His sight.

Yet do I sin, Lord Jesus,
As though no grace had sought,
As though by blood most precious
My soul were never bought.

Sure, heaven beholds in wonder
A love so rich as Thine ;
Sure, hell must see astonished
A sin so base as mine.

Cannot Thy cross, Lord Jesus,
My evil heart restrain ?
Or hast Thou borne its anguish
And died for me in vain ?

'T is not enough to pardon,
For more than this I pray ;
I crave a holy hatred
Of every evil way.

Lord Jesus, by Thy dying
I to my sin would die,
And with Thee, Saviour, rising,
No more in bondage lie.

Lord, I would bring as captive
Each thought to saving love ;
So may a life of service
Precede the life above.

THE WONDROUS CALL.

HADST Thou no burdens of Thine own, Lord
Jesus,

And wast Thou ne'er by care and grief
oppressed,

That Thou dost cry to all earth's weary
millions,

“Come unto Me, and I will give you rest?”

Ah, never was a heart so heavy laden,

And never was there such a cross as Thine;
No mortal e'er hath known such deep affliction,

For Thou hast borne the whole world's
woes and mine!

A threefold burden weighed Thee down,
Lord Jesus,

A triple crown of sorrow Thou didst wear:
God's anger for Thy people's foul transgressions,

Hell's hate, and mortal malice thou didst
bear.

O blessed Jesus, all this sorrow bearing,
Acquainted so with pang and bitter grief,
To Thee, thus learning fully how to pity,
We come to find a sure, a sweet relief.

And not alone bring we our dark transgressions,

But all life's load of care and all our woe ;
It is Thy very sorrows, Lord, that bid us
welcome :

Hadst Thou not wept, our woes how
couldst Thou know ?

Thy tears forever tell us Thou art human,
Thy griefs that Thou our keenest griefs
canst feel ;

And so we bring to Thee our pain and
anguish,

For Thou dost know our hurt and Thou
canst heal.

Thus finding rest for our own hearts so weary,
Would we to those about us, still oppressed,
Echo Thy winning, wondrous words of mercy,
“ Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.”

THANKSGIVING.

WE give Thee thanks, O God, this day,
For mercies never failing ;
Thy love hath brought us on our way,
For all our wants availing.

No less that love hath met our need
Than when the manna falling
Did day by day Thy people feed,
To love and praises calling.

The smitten rock poured forth of old
Its crystal waters gleaming ;
And still the same glad tale is told,
For us the floods are streaming.

The seasons come, the seasons go,
But each shall find us singing ;
For each shall greet us, well we know,
New favors from Thee bringing.

Through endless years Thou art the same,
Thy mercy changes never ;
Then blessed be Thy mighty name
Forever and forever.

STILL SINGING.

Though 'tis a thorny road I tread,
And dangers do the way attend,
Yet He by whose dear love I 'm led
Doth through it all His presence lend ;
And so I sing, thus comforted,
There's glory, glory at the end.

At times when clouds my prospect hide,
And all the sky is overcast,
I still upon His love confide,
And sing until the clouds have passed ;
For well I know, whate'er betide,
There's glory, glory at the last.

OPEN THE GATES.

OPEN the gates, ye angel bands,
 Fling wide the pearly portal;
A weary child comes home to rest,
A ransomed soul to join the blest,
 And enter life immortal.

Open the gates! the strife is past
 With sin and sore temptation:
I come to join the victor band,
Who clad in robes of triumph stand;
 I come for coronation.

Open the gates, that I may see,
 In glory everlasting,
The form once marred and bruised for me.
The Lord who bled upon the tree,
 The death of Calv'ry tasting.

Open the gates, that dear ones there
I may at last be meeting ;
For those I love, gone on before,
Now sing upon that blissful shore,
And wait to give me greeting.

Open the gates ! O earth, farewell !
My soul on wings is flying ;
Farewell to heartaches and to tears,
Farewell to doubts, and sins, and fears,
Farewell, farewell to dying.

JUNE.

MONTH of roses, lovely June,
At thy coming we rejoice ;
Hearts, with nature all in tune,
Welcome thee with songful voice ;
Fair thy bloom nor less thy fame,
Gem of months we thee proclaim.

All forgot is winter's gale,
All forgot its frost and snow ;
Beauty decketh hill and vale,
Now thy balmy breezes blow ;
Laden every breath of air
With thy perfumes choice and rare.

E'en the very sea is calm
'Neath thy soft bewitching skies ;
Nature seems one holy psalm,
Just a touch of Paradise ;
Tell us, June, at man's sad fate
Did'st thou slip through Eden's gate ?

JOYFUL NEWS TO SOULS
FORLORN.

JOYFUL news to souls forlorn ;
Christ in Bethlehem is born.
Hail the bright, the blessed morn !

Oh, the marvels of that birth
Angel voice proclaims to earth !
Who shall tell its wondrous worth ?

Maker of the earth and sky,
See Him in the manger lie !
Blessed be His infant cry.

Human nature see Him wear,
Human burdens deign to bear,
That we may His glory share.

Round Him now the helpless press ;
Once he lay in helplessness,
That he might the helpless bless.

MY SAVIOUR'S WORTH.

HELP me sing my Saviour's worth,
 Help me sing of Jesus !
Help me tell His praises forth
 All who love my Jesus.
Loud and lasting be our song ;
Praises to His name belong ;
Round the throne the seraph throng
 Sing the praise of Jesus.

Sing they may, those sons of light,
 Round the throne of Jesus ;
Sing they may creative might,
 Wondrous might of Jesus.
Sweeter praises we can bring,
Richer tribute to our King,
We redeeming love can sing,
 Oh, the love of Jesus.

We can sing the blood He spilt,
Precious blood of Jesus ;
Ransomed from our dreadful guilt,
Praise the blood of Jesus.
We can sing the grace that saved,
Sing the flood from sin that laved,
Sing the love that death has braved,
Mighty love of Jesus !

By His death He set us free,
Blessed love of Jesus ;
Can our lips now silent be,
Since we've found this Jesus ?
Brethren, help me sing His praise,
Sweetest notes of triumph raise,
Bless His name through endless days,
Jesus ! Jesus ! Jesus !

HIS FATHER SAW HIM.

THY Father sees thee, weeping one,
Returning home by sin undone ;
There is no anger on His brow,
His heart is filled with gladness now.

He saw thee take the road of sin,
And mourned to see thee walk therein ;
He saw thee down among the swine,
And pitied thee when husks were thine.

He saw thee when, with tear-filled eyes,
Thine heart exclaimed, “ I will arise,
Confess the sin that I have done,
Unworthy to be called a son.”

O weary heart and desolate,
For thee doth naught but mercy wait ;
Returning home, what joy is thine,
And deeper yet the joy divine !

CARED FOR.

“I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.”

JOHN G. WHITTIER

I KNOW not where my path may lie
Across life's trackless deep ;
I trust my way to One on high,
Who promises to keep.
Where'er it be He taketh me,
'Neath clouded skies or fair,
Full well “ I know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.”

The dark'ning clouds, the rising wave,
For me can have no dread ;
My Father's presence makes me brave,
While by His wisdom led ;
He's close at hand, at my command,
Attentive to my prayer ;
Full well “ I know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.”

I know not when the stormy sea
 My fragile bark may toss ;
I know not what in store may be,
 Of suffering — or loss ;
Whate'er befall, I shall through all
 His constant goodness share ;
Full well “ I know I cannot drift
 Beyond His love and care.”

WHY?

O SON of God! so great, so pure, so holy,
What made Thee leave Thy radiant throne
 on high,
And in the manger, born of parent lowly,
A helpless infant condescend to lie?

Could not the love of angels round Thee
 thronging,
And bright array of seraph souls above,
Suffice to fill Thy spirit's deepest longing,
That Thou shouldst come to seek man's
 worthless love?

Why didst Thou lay aside Thy power and
 glory,
Why thirst and hunger in this desert wild?
Brighter Thy home than aught in Orient
 story, —
Couldst Thou to earth's weird waste be
 reconciled?

Why shouldst Thou bear so long man's
proud reviling,
The scorn of those whom Thou hadst come
to save,
And in Thy grief still on the lowly smiling,
Breathe blessings on Thy pathway to the
grave?

Why didst Thou prostrate lie and moan and
languish,
Beneath Gethsemane's dark olive shade?
Why did those lips groan out such words of
anguish,
That might have summoned legions to Thine
aid?

Why do we see Thee suffering, bleeding,
dying,
As though Thou wast defeated in the strife;
Why in the lonely grave behold Thee lying,
O Thou, "the Resurrection and the Life"?

'T was love that brought Thee through yon
 pearly portal,
That led Thee thus to live, and do, and die,
That man, bereft through sin of life immortal,
Might rise to everlasting life on high.

Moved by such love, so great, so condescend-
 ing,
The love that made Thee die, that we might
 live,
We, at the throne of mercy humbly bending,
To Thee our hearts, our lives, our all would
 give.

FAREWELL TO CARE.

O HEART of mine, from care be free !
Since God, my Father, cares for me,
Why should I longer careful be ?

I will the rather take each care
To His dear throne of grace in prayer,
And simply leave my burden there.

Through changing scenes I 'll trust Him still,
While He in wondrous love and skill
Works out for me His sovereign will.

What if I do not see His way ;
Let me press forward day by day,
His word my joy, His grace my stay.

The stars He holdeth in his hands,
The angels wait on His commands,
My ev'ry need He understands.

This God of mercy, God of might,
My guide, my guard, by day, by night.
Is leading me to realms of light.

There I shall reach the end of care,
Eternal glory I shall share,
And robes of glad rejoicing wear.

Since such a lot awaiteth me,
Since God hath deigned my God to be,
My heart may well from care be free.

EASTER GLEAMS.

LET us no longer call the grave
A cold, dark place;
For He whose grace
Brought Him to earth our souls to save
Hath laid His head
Among the dead,
And light into the tomb hath shed.

Let us no longer fear to die;
For He once slain,
Who rose again,
And hath ascended up on high,
With mighty blow
Hath felled the foe,
And in His dying laid death low

Mourn we our loved and lost no more,
They are not dead ;
With Christ their head
They reign in glory on that shore
Beyond the skies,
Where nothing dies,
And songs of triumph ever rise !

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

“ I want to live. The next twenty years present the most glorious opportunity for work and results which the Church has ever had in this country.” — PHILLIPS BROOKS *to a friend during the week before he died.*

“ Such a life can have no end, and we have an abiding faith that the Most High will have such a servant in everlasting remembrance.”—*Resolution, Philadelphia Presbyterian Social Union, January 23, 1892.*

“ I WANT to live,” the strong soul said ;
But now is numbered with the dead.
He loved his toil, so glad his heart
In God’s good work to bear his part.
Well might so great a soul aspire
To longer life, and still desire
To labor for his fellow-men,
And tell the story yet again
Of love and light and life divine ;
To such might angels well incline.

He loved the truth which set him free —
Man's only hope of liberty —
The truth with which his soul was filled,
Which evermore his nature thrilled;
The truth that raised his soul to God,
And radiant made the path he trod;
Our Father, God; our brother, man;
Salvation's comprehensive plan;
The truth revealed in Jesus' name, —
What joy, what honor to proclaim!

Alas, that now it must be said
Of such a man that he is dead!
His voice is hushed, his lips are sealed;
The fount that blessed, and helped, and
 healed,
Has ceased its flow. Ah, no! ah, no!
This cannot be — it is not so.

A sweeter light our faith shall shed,
Nor number such among the dead,
And brighter hue our hope shall lend,
For "such a life can have no end,"

For such a fount must ever flow.
Two worlds are his, — above, below ;
With us his life doth yet remain,
While heaven rejoices in its gain.

FORWARD GO.

FORWARD, soldiers of the cross,

Forward go !

Dread not ye defeat or loss,

Forward go !

God Himself shall be your might ;

Lo, He leads you in the fight ;

Victory must crown the right ;

Forward go !

Fear not ye the hosts of sin,

Forward go !

Strong your armor, clad therein,

Forward go !

Well equipped for battlefield,

Breastplate, helmet, sword, and shield,

Till your hellish foes shall yield ;

Forward go !

A SONG AND A SOUL.

An incident of Gospel work in a city of New Jersey.

FULL sweetly on the evening air
Rang out the well-known strains,
“There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel’s veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.”

Thus sang a little company
Whose hearts, by grace renewed,
Had gathered in an upper room
To tell their gratitude
To Him by whose atoning love
Their sins had been subdued.

A weary man who passed that way,
Bowed down with weight of sin,
Who long had asked how such as he
Relief and rest might win,

Heard the glad sound, so sweet, so clear,
Amid the city's din.

A wand'rer on that city's streets,
And bound, he knew not where,
He turned aside to seek the place,
Entered, and climbed the stair,
Intently list'ning, as he rose,
To words to him so rare : —

“ ‘ The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, — ’ Oh, what is this ?
A ‘ thief,’ a ‘ thief,’ they say ;
‘ And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.’ ”

As thus he speaks, the room he finds,
And, ere in prayer they bow,
He cries : “ Oh, friends, for me so lost,
Plead you for mercy now.”
They bid him pray : “ Alas,” he says,
“ To pray I know not how.”

But, taught by loving lips the way,
He learns to pray at last,
And on the Saviour of the lost
His weight of guilt to cast,
As from his contrite heart goes up
The prayer of ages past.

“ O God, be merciful to me !
A sinner, Lord, am I ;
In my despair and helplessness,
To thee, O God, I cry.
Lost, helpless, ruined, hear my prayer ;
Lord, save me, or I die.”

The God who heard the publican
Heard this heart's honest prayer,
And he who came a child of wrath,
In sorrow and despair,
Went forth a free and happy man,
And God's own child and heir.

O ye who have the art of song,
The talent ye possess

Ye well may consecrate to God ;
How would ye dare do less ?
When used for Him, oh, who can say
How greatly He may bless !

BE MERCIFUL TO ME.

By law condemned, by sin undone,
I turn my eyes to yonder tree,
And cry, as I behold Thy Son,
O God, be merciful to me !

Fast bound with chains I cannot break,
But ever longing to be free,
Hear Thou the earnest plea I make, —
O God, be merciful to me !

UPHOLDING THE FALLEN.

“The Lord upholdeth all that fall.”—*Psalms* cxlv. 14

OH, deem thou not that God is with the
victors only,

And with the tempted and defeated not
at all !

His pity is the deepest for the sorely tempted,
His mercy is most tender unto them who
fall.

He is a God of strong and infinite compas-
sion,

And His compassion flows most richly to
the weak ;

Our weakness, not our strength, our need and
not our fulness,

Do ever move Him most when grace to
help we seek.

Take comfort, tempted one, in conflict never
ceasing ;

Lean less upon thyself, and lean on God
the more ;

So shalt thou surely find Him faithful that
hath promised,

Whose word doth bid thee hope for tri-
umph yet in store.

Oh, learn to know thyself, so sinful and so
helpless,

And learn to find in Him thine all-sufficient
strength :

'T is worth the cost of tears, of failures, and
of anguish,

If this all-needful lesson thou but learn at
length.

And see that thine own weakness makes
thee tender-hearted,

Nor look with glance of scorn on those
who, tempted, fall,

But learn to speak the word of hope unto
the hopeless;
Let thy life's bitter lesson helpful thoughts
recall.

Oh, give us of Thy spirit, ever-loving Father,
For in our lesser measure we would love
like Thee;
And knowing for ourselves Thy grace and
tender pity,
To erring ones about us would more tender
be.

WELL MET.

I HAVE need of Thee, Lord Jesus,
Without Thee I must die ;
It needeth grace as rich as Thine
To pardon guilt as dark as mine,
To cleanse and sanctify.

Thou hast need of me, Lord Jesus,
Thy grace to magnify ;
It taketh guilt as dark as mine
To show how rich that love of Thine
Which brought Thee from on high.

I have need of thee, Lord Jesus,
To heal sin's deadly smart ;
A smitten, wounded, dying soul,
Thy grace alone can make me whole,
And health and strength impart.

Thou hast need of me, Lord Jesus,
In me to show Thy skill ;
It needs a soul sore bruised as mine
To honor healing skill like Thine,
That saves from sin's dire ill.

It is well indeed, Lord Jesus,
That Thou and I have met ;
A greater sinner never breathed,
So great a Saviour ne'er was wreathed
With crown of glory yet.

DEATH'S SUBMISSION.

O DEATH, thou art a tyrant bold,
Remorseless, reckless, cruel, cold;
For griefs unnumbered, tears untold,
Thy deeds have set a-flowing.
So speak our fears; our hopes not so;
A better world than this below
Gives hope more light, more truth to know —
Sweet truth with promise glowing.

The forms of loved ones in the dust
We lay, not merely that we must,
But with a sense of perfect trust
That this is not the ending.
Within the tomb the Saviour lay
Till dawned the blessed Easter day,
When forth he rose to live for aye,
The bonds sepulchral rending.

So, too, we die, that we may rise ;
Each day, each moment as it flies,
But brings us nearer to the skies,
 And nearer life immortal.
Sweet in God's sight the death of saints,
And these for whom our spirit faints,
Whose loss we mourn with sad complaints,
 Have passed the heavenly portal.

Within that Home, surpassing bright,
Their souls, with God, in rich delight,
Rejoice, in day that knows no night,
 And never-fading pleasure.
The very dust they left behind,
The dust which we to dust resigned,
Shall God's dear angels bear in mind,
 A precious, sacred treasure,

Until the trump the clouds shall rend,
Till Christ shall in His might descend,
Till faith in full fruition end,
 And death in resurrection.

Then, fairer far than e'er before,
Their forms shall rise, to die no more,
And to our hearts the grave restore
 These objects of affection.

So speak our hopes, and, 'mid our tears,
Athwart the cloud the bow appears,
And we dispel our foolish fears,
 Our faith our songs inspiring.
So, Death, thou art no monster cold,
No tyrant stern, remorseless, bold;
God's messenger, thou dost enfold
 Our loved in heaven's attiring.

EASTER JOY.

LET Easter music rend the air,
And Easter gladness fill the heart;
Ring out, ye bells, the tidings bear,
To all the world the news impart, —
The Lord hath triumphed o'er the grave,
He reigns in might, in might to save.

For our offences He was slain,
His blood for sin's atonement shed,
That we might life eternal gain
Who once were numbered with the dead.
The Lord hath triumphed o'er the grave,
He reigns in might, in might to save.

The manger and the cross we sing,
His lowly birth, His death in shame;
But louder shall our praises ring,
His rising glory to proclaim.
The Lord hath triumphed o'er the grave,
He reigns in might, in might to save.

SEEKING AFTER GOD.

As seeks the silver stream the sea
In ever constant onward flow,
My soul upon its course would go
Till all absorbed, dear Lord, in Thee.

As seeks the burning flame the skies,
The source from which it has its birth,
So, too, my soul, released from earth,
To Thee, the source of life, would rise.

As seeks the weary bird its nest
When night o'ertakes the busy day,
So, when life's tasks I put away,
I ask in Thee to find my rest.

ONE ONLY WAY.

ONE cross and only one,
One Christ and one alone,
One hope for man by sin undone,
One blood that can atone.
That cross the cross of Jesus ;
That Christ, the Christ who bled ;
That only hope the crimson flood
Which He for sinners shed.

One only saving name,
One justifying plea,
One answer to the law's stern claim,
One hiding-place for thee.
That name the name of Jesus,
That hiding-place His side,
Thine answer to the law's demands
Thy plea, " The Christ hath died."

THE CALL ANSWERED.

“COME unto Me,” O precious words,
I hear the Saviour saying ;
He calls the weary ones to rest,
He calls the toil-worn and oppressed,
He calls the lost and straying.

“Come unto Me,” O gracious words,
Such tender love displaying !
Dear Lord, I come — no merits mine,
I come to trust Thy love divine ;
I come, Thy call obeying.

“Come unto Me,” O cheering words,
That end my sore dismaying ;
Lord, I believe ; I cannot doubt ;
Thou wilt in no wise cast him out
Who comes for mercy praying.

“Come unto Me,” O welcome words,
All fear and terror slaying;
Thy blood can cleanse each stain of sin,
Thy grace can give me peace within;
I come, no more delaying.

OH, BLESS THE LORD!

OH, bless the Lord, my soul!
’Tis well indeed to pray;
To seek His guidance and control
Along life’s twisted way;

But thou hast cause to bless,
To mingle praise with prayer,
His ceaseless mercies to confess
Who makes thy world His care.

TRUST IN SHADOW TIME.

THE darkness is around me, O my Father ;
But I press on : no light I need,
For Thou dost lead
Through all the way by love decreed.
And if Thou show it not,
And so I know it not,
But all my life must walk a path unseen,
I will keep nearer Thee, and harder lean.

I feel Thy hand enclasp me, O my Father,
And so I pass, with voice of song,
My way along ;
My theme Thy love so rich, so strong.
Since Thou art near to me,
There comes no fear to me ;
Sweet peace have I, since God, my Father,
knows,
And will, to meet each need, His love disclose.

Full sweet it is to trust Thee thus, my Father,
And know that through the seeming ill,
 Thou workest still,
To bring about Thy gracious will.
 Here, Thou dost care for me;
 Yonder, prepare for me
A mansion blest, in realms of fadeless light,
Where faith's reward shall be unending sight.

FOR YOU.

THINK of this, O child of God,
Often weary, sad and worn ;
Paths of sorrow thou hast trod,
Oft thine heart with grief is torn.

God Almighty on His throne
Thinks of thee and thinks for good,
Cares for thee, as though alone
Thou wert His solicitude.

Blessed is the word divine,
Word for thee, poor, troubled soul ;
What of burden may be thine
On the Lord it bids thee roll.

Though the tears thine eye bedim,
Read that word, so sweet, so true :
“ Casting all your care on Him,
For He careth,” yes, “ for you.”

CHRIST NEGLECTED.

O MY soul, thou heir of glory,
When wilt thou be weaned from earth?
Hast thou clean forgot the story
Of thy wondrous heav'nly birth?

What of earth were worth the getting,
If no Saviour's love were thine?
What of loss is worth regretting,
If to thee the Lord incline?

All the glow of earthly pleasure
In His presence groweth dim;
Sad the cost of earthly treasure,
If to win it loses Him.

Yet behold Him standing, knocking,
Waiting at thy cold heart's door;
Wilt thou not, the door unlocking,
Bid Him cross its threshold o'er?

Comes there no immortal yearning,
Spark of some celestial fire,
Which, to Him thy spirit turning,
Fills the soul with strong desire?

Was there ever lover like Him, —
Patient, tender, faithful, true?
Still He waits; the night-damps strike him;
Lo, His locks are filled with dew!

In His hands are treasures many;
Is He not the King of kings?
Better far, my soul, than any
Of His gifts, Himself he brings!

O my Lord, I bid Thee enter;
Moved by love's resistless plea,
Thou circumference and centre
Of my life henceforth shall be.

FALLING LEAVES.

AROUND me fly the falling leaves;
In vain their fate my spirit grieves,
For Nature grants us no reprieves.

Throughout the world she holds her sway,
Her laws must men and leaves obey,
From dust they spring, to dust decay.

Yet while this requiem we sing,
Our faith looks forward to the spring
That shall the Resurrection bring.

Back to the earth, for earth's own sake,
The falling leaves themselves betake,
But soon in beauty shall awake.

Awhile they mingle with the soil,
Till Nature's unremitting toil
Shall reproduce with naught of moil.

As fall the leaves our dear ones fall,
When comes to each the silent call ;
Nor long the grave shall them enthrall.

Ah, why begrudge them nature's sleep ?
Why deem the grave so dark, so deep,
Or tears of hopeless sorrow weep ?

For sleeping mortals comes the spring,
And joy with morn's awakening ;
Immortal life the day shall bring.

E'en death is part of Nature's plan,
And hath been since the world began, —
Sweet death, unerring friend of man.

Such are the thoughts my fancy weaves
With brightest hues of falling leaves ;
No more my thoughtful spirit grieves.

THE LIFE I SEEK.

NOT in some cloistered cell
Dost Thou, Lord, bid me dwell,
 My love to show ;
But mid the busy marts
Where men with burdened hearts
 Do come and go.

Some tempted soul to cheer,
When breath of ill is near,
 And foes annoy ;
The sinning to restrain ;
To ease the throb of pain, —
 Be such my joy.

Lord, make me quick to see
Each task awaiting me,
 And quick to do ;
Oh, grant me strength, I pray,
With lowly love each day,
 And purpose true,

To go as Jesus went,
Spending and being spent,
 Myself forgot ;
Supplying human needs
By loving words and deeds,
 Oh, happy lot !

LOVE'S WAY.

STEP by step and day by day,
Is this love's appointed way ?
Faith will gladly love obey.
Since the love is love divine,
Let it be no care of thine
What the path love may design.

THE CRY OF THE HUNGRY.

“ Lord, evermore give us this bread.” — *John* vi. 34.

LORD, evermore this living bread bestow,
For this alone can meet our souls' deep
need ;
Thou art our life, to whom else can we go ?
Thy blood is drink, Thy flesh is meat
indeed.

Lord, evermore this living bread bestow,
And thus to us eternal life impart.
The world at best hath but the husks to show ;
These cannot fill the hungry human heart.

Lord, evermore this living bread bestow,
That while it feeds doth make us long for
more ;
More of Thy gracious fulness may we know,
More of Thy wondrous love's exhaustless
store.

BLESSED TEARS.

I 'VE welcomed tears e'er since the day
I saw that, by and by,
God's own dear hand will wipe away
The tears from ev'ry eye.

And I have learned to welcome grief,
For grief doth bring me grace ;
I should not know the Lord's relief,
Had woe with me no place.

God's compensation is so sweet,
No more I shrink from pain ;
With fortitude each loss I meet,
Since He gives richer gain.

As golden stars shine out at night,
That are not seen by day,
His promises shed brightest light
When sorrow clouds my way.

LET US GIVE THANKS.

LET us give thanks! To praise the Lord is
meet;

His streams of love and mercy ceaseless
flow.

Unto His courts, oh, come with willing feet,
Your fervent hearts with gratitude aglow.

Let us give thanks! There have been clouded
days,

And days of gloom, that hid Him from our
eyes;

But grief at times doth call for loudest praise,
And sorrows oft are blessings in disguise.

Let us give thanks! for winter's storms no
less

Than summer's glow or autumn's fruitful
tide.

From one dear hand they come, and come to
 bless ;
 Though seasons change, love's purposes
 abide.

Let us give thanks! Nor forward look, nor
 back,
 Need serve to stay a single strain of praise.
Our Shepherd God, no good thing can we
 lack ;
 We shall have cause to bless Him all our
 days.

THE SEA IS HIS.

THE sea is His, He made it all :
He made its tides that rise and fall,
The ripple that kisses the silvery strand,
The billow that lashes the foam-swept land ;
 He holdeth all,
 Both great and small,
Within the hollow of His hand.

The sea is His, it works His will ;
And when He calleth, "Peace be still,"
The billows are hushed in a calm repose,
And hushed is the stormiest wind that blows.
 He sets His bound
 The sea around,
And ocean well its limit knows.

The sea is His, He knoweth well
Each tale its waves refuse to tell ;

The secrets, so long in its bosom sealed,
At last, ay, at last, they shall be revealed.

What stories old
Shall be unrolled
Of smitten hearts that ne'er were healed !

The sea is His, and all the dead
For whom its depths have found a bed ;
Not one of the host the sea shall keep,
When God awakens all them who sleep :

Beneath His eye
Are all that lie
Buried beneath the whelming deep.

The sea is His, it gives Him praise ;
Their voice the crested billows raise, —
To earth and to heaven His might they tell ;
And boisterous winds do the chorus swell.

This, this the strain
Of wind and main :
He ruleth all, He ruleth well.

BE STILL.

DEAR troubled soul, be still, be still,
God knoweth best ;
Calmly accept His loving will,
So cometh rest.

His purposes thou canst not see,
'T is thine to trust ;
He never will unmindful be
That thou art dust.

Thy trials shall but spell His love
In lines of light ;
The darkest providence shall prove
An angel bright.

He with His own hath ever stood,
To shield from ill,
For He is God, and God is good ;
All hail His will !

IN THE REALMS OF LIGHT.

FAR beyond this world below,
With its sin and want and woe,
Is the home to which I go
In the realms of light.

Things that tempt me, things that try,
Things that make me weep and sigh,
I shall leave them, by and by,
For the realms of light.

Robed in glory, I shall see
Him who bled and died for me ;
Dwell with Him eternally
In the realms of light.

Though a while the cross be borne,
Pilgrim garb a while is worn,
Soon shall rise the cloudless morn
In the realms of light.

Blessed hope so full of cheer,
Blessed faith that stifles fear !
Blessed city drawing near,
In the realms of light.

THE END.

This book is DUE on the last
date stamped below

RECEIVED
MAIN LOAN DESK

MAY

A.M.

P.M.

7 8 9 10 11 12 1 2 3 4 5 6

10m-11,'50(2555)470

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A

000 837 360

7

